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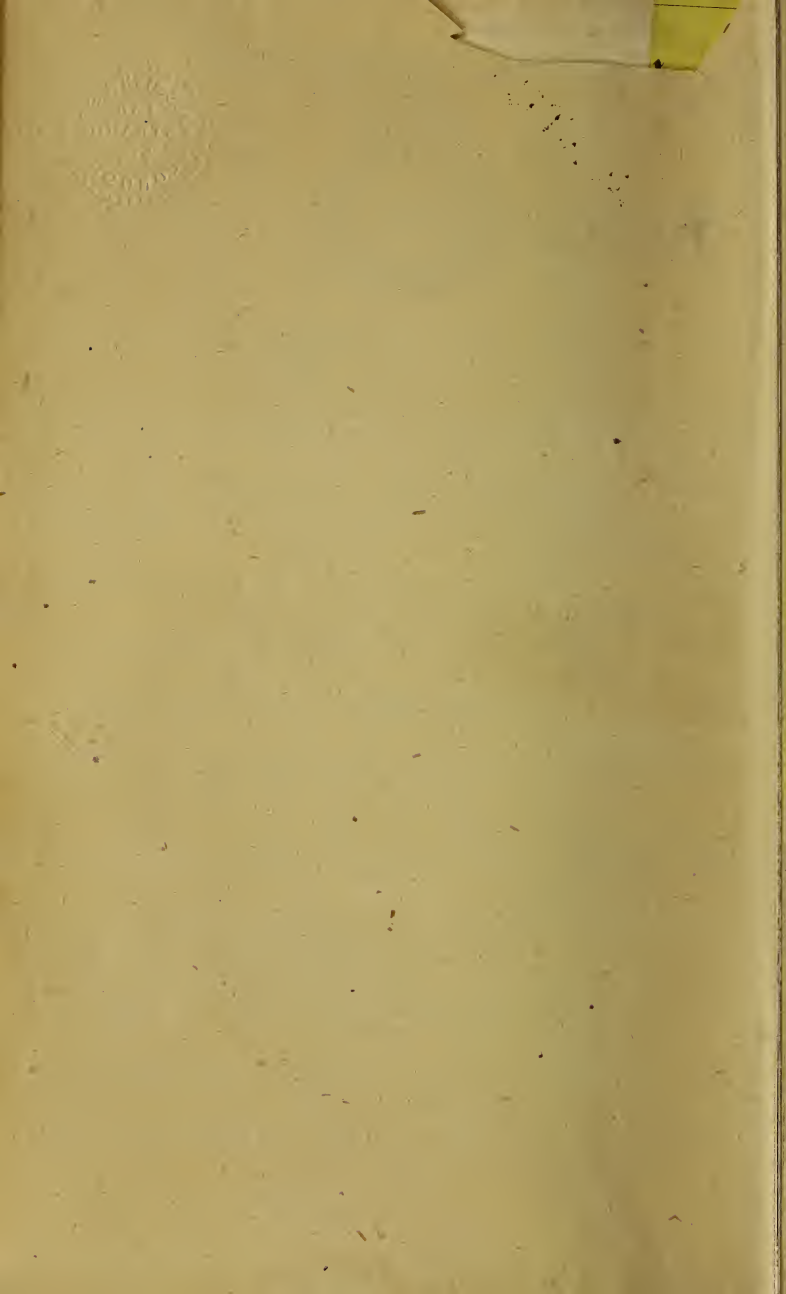
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REJECTED ADDRESSES:

OR THE

NEW THEATRUM POETARUM.

BY

JAMES SMITH & HORACE SMITH.

Fired that the House reject him!—'S death, I'll *print* it,  
And shame the Fools!—POPE.

LONDON: PIPER, STEPHENSON, & SPENCE,  
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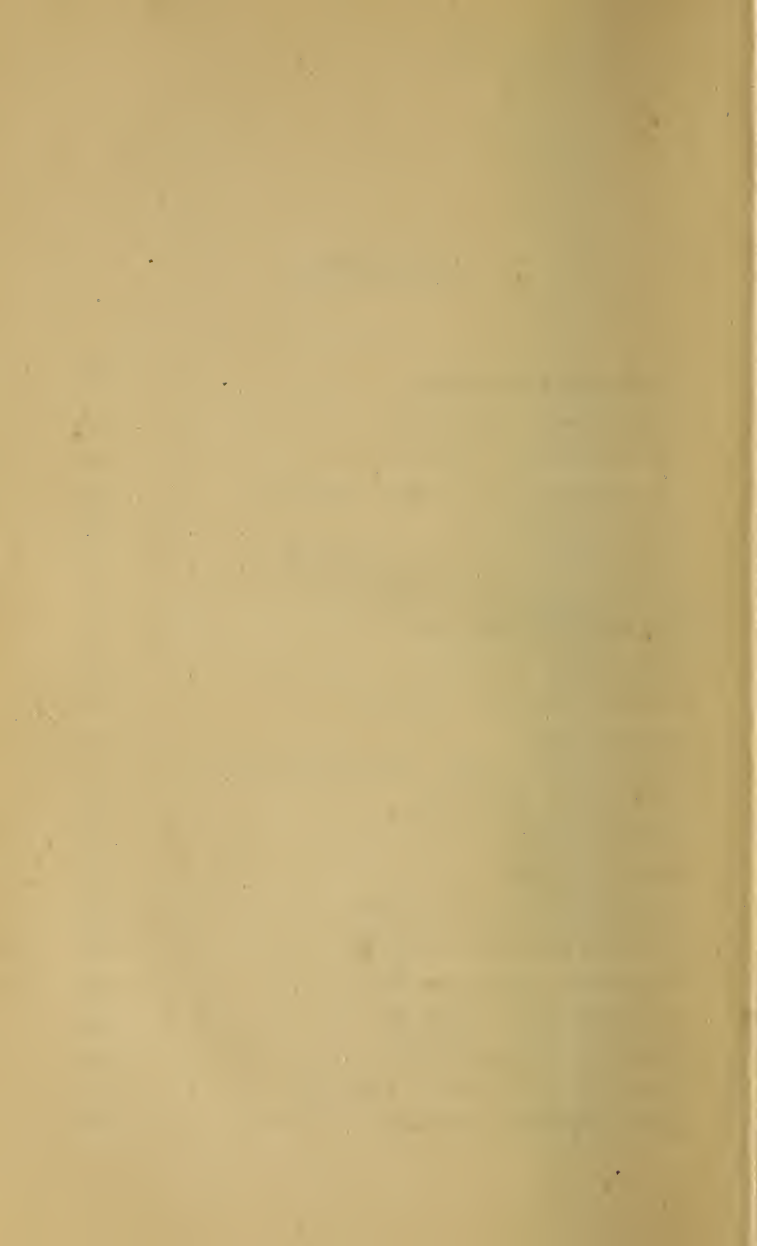
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THE history of these so-called REJECTED ADDRESSES is a curious one. It was matter of town talk, that a legion of pens had responded to the invitation issued by the Drury Lane committee;\* and the idea of producing a series of imitations of the writings of the chief literary celebrities of the day, and of putting these forward as the veritable poems that had failed of success was suggested by Mr. Ward, the then secretary to the theatre, and eagerly caught up by James and Horace Smith. The *jeu d'esprit* was speedily written, and offered to the dons of the publishing trade, and by them rejected, one after the other. It at last came round to Mr. Miller, a theatrical bookseller in Covent Garden, who, having more confidence in its success than his brother bibliopoles, at once agreed to be at the expense of printing the book, sharing the profits, if any, with the authors. The success was so complete, that shortly afterwards the two

\* See Preface to the First Edition.

brothers sold their interest in this literary trifle to the publisher, for the sum of £1,000.

The “Address without a Phœnix” was a veritable rejected one, written by Horace Smith, and introduced into the collection with the initials of S. T. P. affixed to it, for the purpose of puzzling the critics and the public—an object which the writer had the satisfaction of seeing very successfully accomplished.

Few persons will need to be reminded that the address spoken at the opening of the theatre, was written at the last moment by Lord Byron, at Lord Holland’s instigation, after the committee had found that their advertisement had failed to produce them one tolerable specimen.

## PREFACE

### TO THE FIRST EDITION.

---

ON the 14th of August, 1812, the following advertisement appeared in most of the daily papers:—

*“ Rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre.*

“ The Committee are desirous of promoting a free and fair competition for an Address to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next. They have, therefore, thought fit to announce to the public, that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary, at the Treasury-office, in Drury Lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author, which will not be opened

unless containing the name of the successful candidate."

Upon the propriety of this plan, men's minds were, as they usually are upon matters of moment, much divided. Some thought it a fair promise of the future intention of the Committee to abolish that phalanx of authors who usurp the stage, to the exclusion of a large assortment of dramatic talent blushing unseen in the background; while others contended, that the scheme would prevent men of real eminence from descending into an amphitheatre in which all Grub Street (that is to say, all London and Westminster) would be arrayed against them. The event has proved both parties to be in a degree right, and in a degree wrong. One hundred and twelve Addresses have been sent in, each sealed and signed, and mottoed, "as per order;" some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of no talent.

Many of the public prints have censured the taste of the Committee, in thus contracting for Addresses as they would for nails—by the gross; but it is surprising that none should have censured their *temerity*. One hundred and eleven of the Addresses



must, of course, be unsuccessful; to each of the authors, thus infallibly classed with the *genus irritabile*, it would be very hard to deny six stanch friends, who consider him the best of all possible Addresses, and whose tongues will be as ready to laud him, as to hiss his adversary. These, with the potent aid of the bard himself, make seven foes per address; and thus will be created seven hundred and seventy-seven implacable auditors, prepared to condemn the strains of Apollo himself—a band of adversaries which no prudent manager would think of exasperating.

But, leaving the Committee to encounter the responsibility they have incurred, the public have at least to thank them for ascertaining and establishing one point, which might otherwise have admitted of controversy. When it is considered that many amateur writers have been discouraged from becoming competitors, and that few, if any, of the professional authors can afford to write for nothing, and, of course, have not been candidates for the honorary prize at Drury Lane, we may confidently pronounce that, as far as regards *number*, the present is undoubtedly the Augustan age of English poetry. Whether or not this distinction will be extended to

the *quality* of its productions, must be decided at the tribunal of posterity ; though the natural anxiety of our authors on this score ought to be considerably diminished when they reflect how few will, in all probability, be had up for judgment.

It is not necessary for the Editor to mention the manner in which he became possessed of this “ fair sample of the present state of poetry in Great Britain.” It was his first intention to publish the whole ; but a little reflection convinced him that, by so doing, he might depress the good, without elevating the bad. He has therefore culled what had the appearance of flowers, from what possessed the reality of weeds, and is extremely sorry that, in so doing, he has diminished his collection to twenty-one. Those which he has rejected may possibly make their appearance in a separate volume, or they may be admitted as volunteers in the files of some of the newspapers ; or, at all events, they are sure of being received among the awkward squad of the Magazines. In general, they bear a close resemblance to each other ; thirty of them contain extravagant compliments to the immortal Wellington and the indefatigable Whitbread ; and, as the last-mentioned gentleman is said to dislike praise in the exact proportion

in which he deserves it, these laudatory writers have probably been only building a wall against which they might run their own heads.

The Editor here begs leave to advance a few words in behalf of that useful and much-abused bird, the Phœnix; and in so doing, he is biassed by no partiality, as he assures the reader he not only never saw one, but (*mirabile dictu!*) never caged one, in a simile, in the whole course of his life. Not less than sixty-nine of the competitors have invoked the aid of this native of Arabia; but as, from their manner of using him after they had caught him, he does not by any means appear to have been a native of Arabia *Felix*, the Editor has left the proprietors to treat with Mr. Polito, and refused to receive this *rara avis*, or black swan, into the present collection. One exception occurs, in which the admirable treatment of this feathered incombustible entitles the author to great praise: that Address has been preserved, and in the ensuing pages takes the lead, to which its dignity entitles it.

Perhaps the reason why several of the subjoined productions of the MUSÆ LONDINENSIS have failed of selection, may be discovered in their being penned in a metre unusual upon occasions of this sort, and

in their not being written with that attention to stage effect, the want of which, like want of manners in the concerns of life, is more prejudicial than a deficiency of talent. There is an art in writing for the Theatre, technically called *touch and go*, which is indispensable when we consider the small quantum of patience which so motley an assemblage as a London audience can be expected to afford. All the contributors have been very exact in sending their initials and mottoes. Those belonging to the present collection have been carefully preserved, and each has been affixed to its respective poem. The letters that accompanied the Addresses having been honourably destroyed unopened, it is impossible to state the real authors with any certainty; but the ingenious reader, after comparing the initials with the motto, and both with the poem, may form his own conclusions.

The Editor does not anticipate any disapprobation from thus giving publicity to a small portion of the REJECTED ADDRESSES; for unless he is widely mistaken in assigning the respective authors, the fame of each individual is established on much too firm a basis to be shaken by so trifling and evanescent a publication as the present:



“—— neque ego illi detrahere ausim  
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.”

Of the numerous pieces already sent to the Committee for performance, he has only availed himself of three vocal travesties, which he has selected, not for their merit, but simply for their brevity. Above one hundred spectacles, melodramas, operas, and pantomimes, have been transmitted, besides the two first acts of one legitimate comedy. Some of these evince considerable smartness of manual dialogue, and several brilliant repartees of chairs, tables, and other inanimate wits; but the authors seem to have forgotten that in the new Drury Lane the audience can hear as well as see. Of late our theatres have been so constructed, that John Bull has been compelled to have very long ears, or none at all; to keep them dangling about his skull like discarded servants, while his eyes were gazing at piebalds and elephants, or else to stretch them out to an asinine length to catch the congenial sound of braying trumpets. An auricular revolution is, we trust, about to take place; and as many people have been much puzzled to define the meaning of the new era, of which we have heard so much, we venture to pronounce, that as far as regards Drury Lane

Theatre, the new era means the reign of ears. If the past affords any pledge for the future, we may confidently expect from the Committee of that House everything that can be accomplished by the union of taste and assiduity.

# REJECTED ADDRESSES.

---

## LOYAL EFFUSION.

By W. T. F.

(WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD.)

*Quicquid dicunt, laudo: id rursum si negant,  
Laudo id quoque.*—TERENCE.

HAIL, glorious edifice, stupendous work!  
God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!  
Ye Muses! by whose aid I cried down Fox,  
Grant me in Drury Lane a private box,  
Where I may loll, cry "Bravo!" and profess  
The boundless powers of England's glorious press;  
While Afric's sons exclaim, from shore to shore,  
"Quashee ma boo!" the slave trade is no more.

In fair Arabia, (happy once, now stony,  
Since ruined by that arch apostate, Boney,)  
A phoenix late was caught: the Arab host  
Long ponder'd—part would boil it, part would roast:  
But while they ponder, up the pot-lid flies,

Fledged, beak'd, and claw'd, alive they see him rise  
To heaven, and caw defiance in the skies.  
So Drury, first in roasting flames consumed,  
Then by old renters to hot water doom'd,  
By Wyatt's trowel patted, plump and sleek,  
Soars without wings, and caws without a beak.  
Gallia's stern despot shall in vain advance  
From Paris, the metropolis of France ;  
By this day month the monster shall not gain  
A foot of land in Portugal or Spain.  
See Wellington in Salamanca's field  
Forces his favourite general to yield,  
Breaks thro' his lines, and leaves his boasted Marmont  
Expiring on the plain without his arm on :  
Madrid he enters at the cannon's mouth,  
And then the villages still further south.  
Base Buonapartè, filled with deadly ire,  
Sets, one by one, our playhouses on fire ;  
Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on  
The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon ;  
Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,  
Next at Milbank he crossed the river Thames :  
Thy hatch, O Halfpenny ! pass'd in a trice,  
Boil'd some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's  
twice ;



Then buzzing on thro' æther, with a vile hum,  
Turn'd to the left hand, fronting the Asylum,  
And burnt the Royal Circus in a hurry,—  
( 'Twas call'd the Circus then, but now the Surrey ).

Who burnt ( confound his soul ! ) the houses twain  
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane ?

Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,  
( God bless the Regent and the Duke of York ! )

With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,  
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos ?

Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise ?

Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies ?

Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch ?

Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch ?

Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,

Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,

“ The tree of freedom is the British oak.”

Bless every man possessed of aught to give ;  
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live ;  
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet,  
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte,  
God bless the guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,  
And bless their pig-tails, tho' they're now cut off ;  
And oh, in Downing Street should old Nick revel,  
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil !

## THE BABY'S DEBUT.

BY W. W.

(WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.)

Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,  
 All thy false mimic fooleries I hate,  
 For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she  
 Who is right foolish hath the better plea;  
 Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee.—CUMBERLAND.

[*Spoken in the character of NANCY LAKE, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by SAMUEL HUGHES, her uncle's porter.*]

MY brother Jack was nine in May,  
 And I was eight on New Year's Day;  
       So in Kate Wilson's shop,  
 Papa (he's my papa and Jack's,)  
 Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,  
       And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—  
 He thinks mine came to more than his;  
       So to my drawer he goes,  
 Takes out the doll, and, O, my stars!  
 He pokes her head between the bars,  
       And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,  
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,  
And bang, with might and main,  
Its head against the parlour-door :  
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,  
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite :  
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.  
A pretty thing, forsooth !  
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,  
Half my doll's nose, and I am not  
To draw his peg-top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,  
And cried, " O naughty Nancy Lake,  
Thus to distress your aunt :  
No Drury Lane for you to-day !"  
And while papa said, " Pooh, she may !"  
Mamma said, " No, she shan't !"

Well, after many a sad reproach,  
They got into a hackney-coach,  
And trotted down the street.

I saw them go : one horse was blind,  
The tails of both hung down behind,  
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill  
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,  
Stood in the lumber-room.  
I wiped the dust from off the top,  
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,  
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,  
Came in at six to black the shoes,  
(I always talk to Sam :)  
So what does he, but takes, and drags  
Me in the chaise along the flags,  
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,  
But not so tall and not so thick  
As these ; and, goodness me !  
My father's beams are made of wood,  
But never, never half so good  
As these that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !  
The carpet, when they lay it down,  
    Won't hide it, I'll be bound.  
And there's a row of lamps !—my eye !  
How they do blaze ! I wonder why  
    They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,  
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-  
    umbob, the prompter man,  
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,  
And said, " Go on, my pretty love ;  
    Speak to 'em, little Nan.

" You've only got to curtsey, whisp-  
er, hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,  
    And then you're sure to take :  
I've known the day when brats, not quite  
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night ;  
    Then why not Nancy Lake ? "

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?  
And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?  
    Where's Jack ? O, there they sit !

They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,  
And order round poor Billy's chaise,  
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go  
To join mamma, and see the show ;  
So bidding you adieu,  
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,  
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,  
I'll blow a kiss to you.

*[Blows a kiss, and exit.]*



## AN ADDRESS WITHOUT A PHŒNIX.

By S. T. P.

This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked.

*What You Will.*

WHAT stately vision mocks my waking sense?  
Hence, dear delusion, sweet enchantment, hence!  
Ha! is it real?—can my doubts be vain?  
It is, it is, and Drury lives again!  
Around each grateful veteran attends,  
Eager to rush and gratulate his friends,  
Friends whose kind looks, retraced with proud de-  
light,  
Endear the past, and make the future bright:  
Yes, generous patrons, your returning smile  
Blesses our toils, and consecrates our pile.

When last we met, Fate's unrelenting hand  
Already grasped the devastating brand;  
Slow crept the silent flame, ensnared its prize,  
Then burst resistless to the astonished skies.

The glowing walls, disrobed of scenic pride,  
In trembling conflict stemmed the burning tide,  
Till crackling, blazing, rocking to its fall,  
Down rushed the thundering roof, and buried all!

Where late the sister Muses sweetly sung,  
And raptured thousands on their Music hung,  
Where Wit and Wisdom shone, by Beauty graced,  
Sat lonely Silence, empress of the waste;  
And still had reigned—but he, whose voice can  
raise

More magic wonders than Amphion's lays,  
Bade jarring bands with friendly zeal engage  
To rear the prostrate glories of the stage.  
Up leaped the Muses at the potent spell,  
And Drury's genius saw his temple swell;  
Worthy, we hope, the British Drama's cause,  
Worthy of British arts, and *your* applause.

Guided by you, our earnest aims presume  
To renovate the Drama with the dome;  
The scenes of Shakspeare and our bards of old,  
With due observance splendidly unfold,  
Yet raise and foster with parental hand  
The living talent of our native land.

O! may we still, to sense and nature true,  
Delight the many, nor offend the few.  
Though varying tastes our changeful Drama claim,  
Still be its moral tendency the same,  
To win by precept, by example warn,  
To brand the front of Vice with pointed scorn,  
And Virtue's smiling brows with votive wreaths  
adorn.

## CUI BONO?

BY LORD B.

(LORD BYRON.)

## I.

SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,  
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam ;  
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,  
The restless soul is driven to ramble home ;  
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome  
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,  
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,  
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,  
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the  
Nine.

## II.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way  
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,  
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,  
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,  
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?

Woe's me ! the brightest wreaths she ever gave  
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.  
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,  
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

## III.

Has life so little store of real woes,  
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?  
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,  
Ye court the lying drama for relief?  
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief :  
Or if one tolerable page appears  
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,  
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,  
And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future  
years.

## IV.

Albeit how like young Betty doth he flee !  
Light as the mote that daunceth in the beam,  
He liveth only in man's present e'e,  
His life a flash, his memory a dream,  
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream ;  
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?  
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme !

Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,  
Where nought is certain, save th' uncertainty of fate ?

## V.

This goodly pile, upheaved by Wyatt's toil,  
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,  
Again red Lemnos' artizan may spoil ;  
The fire alarm, and midnight drum may beat,  
And all be strew'd ysmoking at your feet.  
Start ye ? Perchance Death's angel may be sent  
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat,  
And ye who met on revel idlesse bent  
May find in pleasure's fane your grave and monu-  
ment.

## VI.

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper waste,  
The tradesman calls—no warning voice ye hear ;  
The plaintiff sues—to public shows ye haste ;  
The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear.  
Who can arrest your prodigal career ?  
Who can keep down the levity of youth ?  
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear ?  
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth  
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of  
truth ?



## VII.

To thee, blest saint ! who doffed thy skin to make  
The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs with joy,  
We dedicate the pile—arise ! awake !—  
Knock down the muses, wit and sense destroy,  
Clear our new stage from reason's dull alloy,  
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering youth  
With cleaver, marrow-bone, and Tunbridge toy ;  
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,  
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make her boards  
a booth.

## VIII.

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March ?  
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl ?  
And what is Rolla ? Cupid steep'd in starch,  
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.  
Shakspeare, how true thine adage, " fair is foul ;"  
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,  
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,  
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

## IX.

Sons of Parnassus ! whom I view above,  
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black,

Not spurring Pegasus through Tempé's grove,  
But pacing Grub Street on a jaded hack,  
What realms of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,  
Ye mar to make again ! for sure, ere long,  
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track,  
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,  
And reproduce in rags, the rags ye blot in song.

## X.

So fares the follower in the Muses' train,  
He toils to starve, and only lives in death ;  
We slight him till our patronage is vain,  
Then round his skeleton a garland wreath,  
And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe—  
Oh ! with what tragic horror would he start,  
(Could he be conjured from the grave beneath)  
To find the stage again a Thespian cart,  
And elephants and colts down trample Shakspeare's  
art.

## XI.

Hence, pedant Nature ! with thy Grecian rules !  
Centaurs, (not fabulous) those rules efface ;  
Back, sister muses, to your native schools ;  
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,  
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace,

The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit ;  
Man yields the drama to the Houynim race,  
His prompter spurs, his licencer the bit,  
The stage a stable-yard, a jockey-club the pit.

## XII.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode ?  
Is it for these your superstition seeks  
To build a temple worthy of a god,  
To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks ?  
Then be the stage to recompense your freaks,  
A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,  
Where Punch, the *lignum vitæ* Roscius, squeaks,  
And wisdom weeps, and Folly plays his pranks,  
And moody Madness laughs, and hugs the chain he  
    clanks.

*To the Secretary of the Managing Committee of  
Drury Lane Playhouse.*

SIR,—To the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme*, (invented by the monks to enslave the people,) I have a rooted objection. I have therefore written an address for your theatre in plain, homespun, yeoman's *prose*; in the doing whereof I hope I am swayed by nothing but an *independent* wish to open the eyes of this gulled people, to prevent a repetition of the dramatic *bamboozling* they have hitherto laboured under. If you like what I have done, and mean to make use of it, I don't want any such *aristocratic* reward as a piece of plate, with two griffins sprawling upon it, or a *dog* and a *jackass* fighting for a ha'p'worth of *gilt gingerbread*, or any such Bartholomew Fair nonsense. All I ask is, that the door keepers of your playhouse may take all the *sets of my Register*, now on hand, and *force* everybody who enters your doors to buy one, giving afterwards a debtor and

creditor account of what they have received, *post-paid*, and in due course remitting me the money and unsold Registers, *carriage-paid*.

I am, etc.

W. C.

(WILLIAM COBBETT.)

IN THE CHARACTER OF

## A HAMPSHIRE FARMER.

——— Rabidâ qui concitus irâ  
Implevit pariter ternis latratibus auras,  
Et sparsit virides spumis albetibus agros.—OVID.

MOST THINKING PEOPLE,—When persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say: “Ladies and Gentlemen, your servant.” If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and *brute beast* enough, to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are *not* Ladies and Gentlemen, but I hope something better; that is to say, honest men and women; and in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies, and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, *nor ever will be*, your humble servant. You see me here,

*most thinking people*, by mere chance. I have not been within the doors of a playhouse before for these ten years, nor till that abominable custom of taking money at the doors is discontinued, will I ever sanction a theatre with my presence. The stage door is the only gate of *freedom* in the whole edifice, and through that I made my way from Bagshaw's in Brydges Street, to accost you. Look about you. Are you not all comfortable? Nay, never slink, mun; speak out, if you are dissatisfied, and tell me so before I leave town. You are now, (thanks to *Mr. Whitbread*,) got into a large, comfortable house. Not into a *gimcrack palace*; not into a *Solomon's temple*; not into a frost-work of Brobdignag filagree; but into a plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, *brown brick playhouse*. You have been struggling for independence and elbow-room these three years; and who gave it you? Who helped you out of Lilliput? Who routed you from a rat-hole, five inches by four, to perch you in a palace? Again and again I answer, *Mr. Whitbread*. You might have sweltered in that place with the Greek name till Doomsday, and neither *Lord Castlereagh*, *Mr. Canning*, no, nor the *Marquis Wellesley*, would have turned a trowel to help you out! Remember that. Never



forget that. Read it to your children, and to your children's children ! And now, *most thinking people*, cast your eyes over my head to what the builder, (I beg his pardon, the architect,) calls the *proscenium*. No motto, no slang, no popish Latin to keep the people in the dark. No *Veluti in speculum*. Nothing in the dead languages,—properly so called, for they ought to die, ay, and be *damned* to boot ! The Covent Garden Manager tried that, and a pretty business he made of it ! When a man says *Veluti in speculum*, he is called a man of letters. Very well ; and is not a man who cries O. P. a man of letters too ? You ran your O. P. against his *Veluti in speculum*, and pray which beat ? I prophesied that, though I never told anybody. I take it for granted, that every intelligent man, woman, and child, to whom I address myself, has stood severally and respectively in Little Russell Street, and cast their, his, her, and its eyes on the outside of this building before they paid their money to view the inside. Look at the brick work, *English Audience !* Look at the brick work ! All plain and smooth like a quaker's meeting. None of your Egyptian pyramids, to entomb subscriber's capitals. No overgrown colonnades of stone, like an alderman's gouty legs in

white cotton stockings, fit only to use as rammers for paving Tottenham Court Road. This house is neither after the model of a temple in Athens, no, nor a *temple* in *Moorfields*, but it is built to act English plays in; and provided you have good scenery, dresses, and decorations, I dare say you wouldn't break your hearts if the outside were as plain as the pikestaff I used to carry when I was a sergeant. *Apropos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats,—*apropos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Macbeth*, with more gold and silver plaistered on their doublets, than would have kept an honest family in butcher's meat and flannel from year's end to year's end! I am informed—now mind, I do not vouch for the fact—but I am informed that all such extravagant idleness is to be done away with here. Lady *Macbeth* is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob cap*, (as the court parasites call it; it will be well for them if, one of these days, they don't wear a *mob cap*—I mean a *white cap*, with a *mob* to look at them),—and *Macbeth* is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat, and a pair of black calamanco breeches. Not

*Salamanca* ; no, nor *Talavera* neither, my most Noble Marquis, but plain, honest, black calamanco stuff breeches. This is right ; this is as it should be. *Most thinking pcople*, I have heard you much abused. There is not a compound in the language but is strung fifty in a rope, like onions, by the Morning Post, and hurled in your teeth. You are called the mob, and when they have made you out to be the mob, you are called the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth—not *cheap soup*, *Mr. Wilberforce*, not soup for the poor at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horses' legs, brick-dust, and old shoes was denominated—but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth ; take this, examine it, and you will find—mind I don't vouch for the fact, but I am told you will find the dregs at the bottom, and the scum at the top. I will endeavour to explain this to you : England is a large *earthenware pipkin*. John Bull is the *beef* thrown into it. Taxes are the *hot water* he boils in. Rotten boroughs are the *fuel* that blazes under this same pipkin. Parliament is the *ladle* that stirs the hodge-podge, and sometimes—but hold, I don't wish to pay *Mr. Newman* a second visit. I

leave you better off than you have been this many a day. You have a good house over your head ; you have beat the French in Spain ; the harvest has turned out well ; the comet keeps its distance ; and red slippers are hawked about in Constantinople for next to nothing ; and for all this, *again and again*, I tell you, you are indebted to *Mr. Whitbread !!!*

## THE LIVING LUSTRES.

BY T. M.

(THOMAS MOORE.)

Jam te juvaverit  
Viros relinquere,  
Doctæque conjugis  
Sinu quiescere.—SIR T. MORE.

O WHY should our dull retrospective addresses,  
Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury-Lane fire ?  
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,  
And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire !

Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,  
The richest to me is when woman is there ;  
The question of houses I leave to the jury ;  
The fairest to me is the house of the fair.

When woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,  
And gilds, while it carves, her dear form on the  
heart,  
What need has New Drury of carvers and gilders ?  
With Nature so bounteous, why call upon Art ?

How well would our actors attend to their duties,  
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,  
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young beauties  
Glanced light from their eyes between us and the  
pit !

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge,  
By woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the  
prize,  
To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college,—  
I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

There too is the lash, which, all statutes controlling,  
Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair,  
For man is the pupil, who, while her eye's rolling,  
Is lifted to rapture, or sunk in despair.

Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate blushes  
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile !  
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes  
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle.

For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,  
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,  
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,  
Tho' joyous are sober, tho' peaceful are brave.



The shamrock their olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,  
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows ;  
Their sprig of shillelagh is nothing but laurel,  
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows.

Oh ! soon shall they burst the tyrannical shackles,  
Which each panting bosom indignantly names,  
Until not one goose at the capital cackles,  
Against the grand question of Catholic claims.

And then shall each Paddy, who once on the Liffy,  
Perchance held the helm of some mackerel hoy,  
Hold the helm of the state, and dispense in a jiffy  
More fishes than ever he caught when a boy.

And those who now quit their hods, shovels, and  
barrows,  
In crowds to the bar of some ale-house to flock,  
When bred to *our* bar shall be Gibbs's and Garrows,  
Assume the silk gown, and discard the smock-  
frock.

For Erin surpasses the daughters of Neptune,  
As Dian outshines each encircling star,  
And the spheres of the Heavens could never have  
kept tune  
Till set to the music of Erin-go-bra !

## THE REBUILDING.

BY R. S.

(ROBERT SOUTHEY.)

—per audaces nova dithyrambos  
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur  
Lege solutis.—HORAT.

*Spoken by a GLENDOVEER.*

I AM a blessed Glendoveer ;  
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.

---

Midnight, yet not a nose  
From Tower Hill to Piccadilly snored !  
Midnight, yet not a nose  
From Indra drew the essence of repose !  
See with what crimson fury,  
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls of  
Drury ;  
The tops of houses, blue with lead,  
Bend beneath the landlord's tread.  
Master and 'prentice, serving man and lord,  
Nailor and tailor,

Grazier and brazier,  
 Thro' streets and alleys pour'd,  
 All, all abroad to gaze,  
 And wonder at the blaze.  
 Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,  
 Mounted on roof and chimney,  
 The mighty roast, the mighty stew  
     To see ;  
     • As if the dismal view  
 Were but to them a Brentford jubilee.

Vainly, all radiant Surya, sire of Phaeton,  
 (By the Greeks called Apollo)  
     Hollow  
 Sounds from thy harp proceed ;  
     Combustible as reed,  
 The tongue of Vulcan licks thy wooden legs :  
 From Drury's top, dissever'd from thy pegs,  
     Thou tumblest,  
     Humblest,  
 Where late thy bright effulgence shone on high :  
 While, by thy somerset excited, fly  
     Ten million.  
     Billion  
 Sparks from the pit, to gem the sable sky.

Now come the men of fire to quench the fires,

To Russell Street see Globe and Atlas run,

Hope gallops first, and second Sun ;

On flying heel,

See Hand-in-Hand

O'ertake the band ;

View with what glowing wheel

He nicks

Phoenix ;

While Albion scampers from Bride Street, Black-  
friars,

Drury Lane ! Drury Lane !

Drury Lane ! Drury Lane !

They shout and they bellow again and again.

All, all in vain !

Water turns steam ;

Each blazing beam

Hisses defiance to the eddying spout,

It seems but too plain that nothing can put it out !

Drury Lane ! Drury Lane !

See, Drury Lane expires !

Pent in by smoke-dried beams, twelve moons or more,

Shorn of his ray,

Surya in durance lay :

The workmen heard him shout,  
But thought it would not pay  
To dig him out.  
When lo ! terrific Yamen, lord of hell,  
Solemn as lead,  
Judge of the dead,  
Sworn foe to witticism,  
By men called criticism,  
Came passing by that way :  
Rise ! cried the fiend, behold a sight of gladness !  
Behold the rival theatre,  
I've set O. P. at her,  
Who, like a bull-dog bold,  
Growls and fastens on his hold ;  
The many-headed rabble roar in madness :  
Thy rival staggers ; come and spy her  
Deep in the mud as thou art in the mire.

So saying, in his arms he caught the beaming one,  
And crossing Russell Street,  
He placed him on his feet,  
'Neath Covent Garden dome. Sudden a sound  
As of the bricklayers of Babel rose :  
Horns, rattles, drums, tin trumpets, sheets of copper,  
Punches and slaps, thwacks of all sorts and sizes,

From the knobbed bludgeon to the taper switch,  
Ran echoing round the walls; paper placards  
Blotted the lamps, boots brown with mud the  
benches :

A sea of heads roll'd roaring in the pit :

On paper wings, O. P.'s

Reclined in letter'd ease ;

While shout and scoff,

Yah, yah ! off, off !

Like thunderbolt on Surya's ear-drum fell,

And seem'd to paint

The savage oddities of Saint

Bartholomew in hell.

Tears dimmed the god of light ;

Bear me back, Yamen, from this hideous sight,

Bear me back, Yamen, I grow sick,

Oh ! bury me again in brick ;

Shall I on New Drury tremble,

To be O. P.'d like Kemble ?

No ;

Better remain by rubbish guarded,

Than thus hubbubish groan placarded ;

Bear me back, Yamen, bear me quick,

And bury me again in brick.

Obedient Yamen  
Answer'd, Amen,  
And did  
As he was bid.

There lay the buried god, and Time  
Seem'd to decree eternity of lime ;  
But pity, like a dew-drop, gently prest  
Almighty Veeshnoo's adamantine breast :  
He, the preserver, ardent still  
To do whate'er he says he will,  
From South-hill urged his way,  
To raise the drooping lord of day.  
All earthly spells the busy one o'erpower'd ;  
He treats with men of all conditions,  
Poets and players, tradesmen and musicians ;  
Nay, even ventures  
To attack the renters,  
Old and new :  
A list he gets  
Of claims and debts,  
And deems nought done while aught remains to do.  
Yamen beheld and wither'd at the sight ;  
Long had he aim'd the sunbeam to control,  
For light was hateful to his soul :



Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spite,  
Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spleen,  
Thy toils of the morning, like Ithaca's queen,  
I'll toil to undo every night.

Ye sons of song rejoice !  
Veeshnoo has still'd the jarring elements,  
The spheres hymn music ;  
Again the god of day  
Peeps forth with trembling ray,  
And pours at intervals a strain divine.  
I have an iron yet in the fire, cried Yamen ;  
The vollied flame rides in my breath,  
My blast is elemental death ;  
This hand shall tear their paper bonds to pieces ;  
Ingross your deeds, assignments, leases,  
My breath shall every line erase  
Soon as I blow the blaze.  
The lawyers are met at the Crown and Anchor,  
And Yamen's visage grows blanker and blanker.  
The lawyers are met at the Anchor and Crown,  
And Yamen's cheek is a russety brown.  
Veeshnoo, now thy work proceeds ;  
The solicitor reads,  
And, merit of merit,

Red wax and green ferret  
Are fixed at the foot of the deeds !

Yamen beheld and shiver'd ;  
His finger and thumb were cramp'd ;  
His ear by the flea in 't was bitten,  
When he saw by the lawyer's clerk written,  
Seal'd and delivered,  
Being first duly stamped.

Now for my turn, the demon cries, and blows  
A blast of sulphur from his mouth and nose ;  
Ah ! bootless aim ! the critic fiend,  
Sagacious Yamen, judge of hell,  
Is judged in his turn ;  
Parchment won't burn !  
His schemes of vengeance are dissolv'd in air,  
Parchment won't tear !

Is it not written in the Himakoot book,  
(That mighty Baly from Kehama took)

“ Who blows on pounce  
Must the Swerga renounce ? ”

It is ! it is ! Yamen, thine hour is nigh ;  
Like as an eagle claws an asp,

Veeshnoo has caught him in his mighty grasp,  
And hurl'd him, in spite of his shrieks and his squall  
Whizzing aloft like the Temple fountain,  
Three times as high as Meru mountain,  
Which is  
Ninety-nine times as high as St. Paul's.  
Descending, he twisted like Levi, the Jew,  
Who a durable grave meant  
To dig in the pavement  
Of Monument Yard;  
To earth by the laws of attraction he flew,  
And he fell, and he fell,  
To the regions of hell;  
Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,  
And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety nock,  
Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.

Now Veeshnoo turn'd round to a capering varlet,  
Array'd in blue and white and scarlet,  
And cried, "Oh! brown of slipper as of hat,  
Lend me, Harlequin, thy bat!"  
He seized the wooden sword, and smote the earth,  
When, lo! upstarting into birth,  
A fabric, gorgeous to behold,  
Outshone in elegance the old,

And Veeshnoo saw, and cried, "Hail, playhouse  
mine!"

Then, bending his head, to Surya he said,

"Go, mount yon edifice,

And show thy steady face

In renovated pride—

More bright, more glorious than before!"

But, ah! coy Surya still felt a twinge,

Still smarted from his former sin,

And to Veeshnoo replied,

In a tone rather gruff,

"No, thank you! one tumble's enough!"

## DRURY'S DIRGE.

BY LAURA MATILDA.

You praise our sires : but though they wrote with force,  
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse :  
We want their *strength*, agreed ; but we atone  
For that and more, by *sweetness* all our own.—GIFFORD.

BALMY Zephyrs lightly flitting,  
Shade me with your azure wing ;  
On Parnassus' summit sitting,  
Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

Softly slept the dome of Drury,  
O'er the empyreal crest,  
When Alecto's sister-fury,  
Softly slumb'ring sunk to rest.

Lo ! from Lemnos limping lamely,  
Lags the lowly Lord of Fire,  
Cytherea yielding tamely,  
To the Cyclops dark and dire.

Clouds of amber, dreams of gladness,  
Dulcet joys and sports of youth,  
Soon must yield to haughty sadness,  
Mercy holds the veil to Truth.

See Erostratus the Second,  
Fires again Diana's fane ;  
By the Fates from Orcus beckon'd,  
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

Lurid smoke and frank suspicion,  
Hand in hand reluctant dance :  
While the God fulfils his mission,  
Chivalry resign thy lance.

Hark ! the engines blandly thunder,  
Fleecy clouds disheveled lie,  
And the firemen, mute with wonder,  
On the son of Saturn cry.

See the bird of Ammon sailing,  
Perches on the engine's peak,  
And the Eagle firemen hailing,  
Soothes them with its bickering beak.

Juno saw, and mad with malice,  
Lost the prize that Paris gave ;  
Jealousy's ensanguin'd chalice,  
Mantling pours the orient wave.

Pan beheld Petroclus dying,  
Nox to Niobe was turn'd ;

From Busiris Bacchus flying,  
Saw his Semele inurn'd.

Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,  
Levell'd with the shuddering stones ;  
Mars with tresses black and gory,  
Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

Hark ! what soft Eolian numbers,  
Gem the blushes of the morn ;  
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,  
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

Ha ! I hear the strain erratic,  
Dimly glance from pole to pole,  
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic  
Fire my everlasting soul.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion ?  
Billowy ecstasy of woe,  
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,  
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

Blood in every vein is gushing,  
Vixen vengeance lulls my heart,  
See, the Gorgon gang is rushing !  
Never, never let us part.



## A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

BY W. S.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating as near as he could their very phrase.—DON QUIXOTE.

*To be spoken by MR. KEMBLE in a Suit of the Black Prince's Armour, borrowed from the Tower.*

SURVEY this shield all bossy bright ;  
These cuisses twain behold ;  
Look on my form in armour dight  
Of steel inlaid with gold.  
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,  
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.  
These once belong'd to sable prince,  
Who never did in battle wince ;  
With valour tart as pungent quince,  
He slew the vaunting Gaul :  
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,  
While from green curtain I advance  
To yon foot-lights, no trivial dance,  
And tell the town what sad mischance  
Did Drury Lane befall.

*The Night.*

On fair Augusta's towers and trees  
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,  
Curling the foliage as it past,  
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast  
A spangled light like dancing spray,  
Then re-assumed its still array :  
When as night's lamp unclouded hung,  
And down its full effulgence flung,  
It shed such soft and balmy power,  
That cot and castle, hall and bower,  
And spire and dome, and turret height,  
Appear'd to slumber in the light.  
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,  
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul,  
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,  
To Redriff, Shadwell, Horselydown,  
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,  
But all in deepest sleep reposed.  
They might have thought, who gazed around,  
Amid a silence so profound,  
    It made the senses thrill,  
That 't was no place inhabited,  
But some vast city of the dead,  
    All was so hush'd and still.

## The Burning.

As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,  
Had slept in everlasting gloom,  
Started with terror and surprise,  
When light first flash'd upon her eyes ;  
So London's sons in night-cap woke,  
    In bed-gown woke her dames,  
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,  
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,

    "The Playhouse is in flames."

And lo ! where Catherine Street extends,  
A fiery tail its lustre lends

    To every window pane ;  
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,  
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,  
And Covent Garden kennels sport,  
    A bright ensanguin'd drain ;  
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,  
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height

    Where patent-shot they sell :  
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,  
Partakes the ray, with Surgeon's Hall,  
The ticket porters' house of call,  
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,

Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal  
And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide  
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,  
To distant fields the blaze was borne,  
And daisy white and hoary thorn  
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham  
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.

To those who on the hills around  
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,  
As from a lofty altar rise ;

It seem'd that nations did conspire,  
To offer to the god of fire  
Some vast stupendous sacrifice !  
The summon'd firemen woke at call,  
And hied them to their stations all.  
Starting from short and broken snooze,  
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,  
But first his worsted hosen plied,  
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,  
His nether bulk embraced ;  
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,  
Whose massy shoulder gave to view  
The badge of each respective crew,

In tin or copper traced.  
The engines thundered through the street,  
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,  
And torches glared, and clattering feet  
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,  
From Charing Cross along the Strand,  
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,  
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.  
The burning badge his shoulder bore,  
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,  
The cane he had, his men to bang,  
Show'd foreman of the British gang.  
His name was Higginbottom; now  
'Tis meet that I should tell you how

The others came in view :  
The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,  
Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,  
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,  
The Eagle, where the new ;  
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,  
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,  
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,  
Crump from St. Giles's Pound :

Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,  
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,  
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain

Before the plug was found.

Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,  
But, ah ! no trophy could they reap,  
For both were in the donjon keep  
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,  
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;  
Without, within, in hideous show,  
Devouring flames resistless glow,  
And blazing rafters downward go,  
And never halloo, " Heads below ! "

Nor notice give at all :

The firemen, terrified, are slow  
To bid the pumping torrent flow,  
For fear the roof should fall.

Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !  
Whitford, keep near the walls !  
Huggins, regard your own behoof,  
For lo ! the blazing rocking roof  
Down, down in thunder falls !

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,  
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,



Rolling around its pitchy shroud,  
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.  
At length, the mist awhile was clear'd,  
When, lo ! amid the wreck uprear'd,  
Gradual a moving head appear'd,

And Eagle firemen knew :

'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,  
The foreman of their crew.

Loud shouted all in signs of woe,  
“ A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho ! ”

And pour'd the hissing tide :  
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,  
And strove and struggled all in vain,  
For rallying but to fall again,  
He totter'd, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,  
To succour one they loved so well ?  
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire  
(His fireman's soul was all on fire,)

His brother chief to save ;  
But, ah ! his reckless, generous ire  
Served but to share his grave !  
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,  
Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,

Where Muggins broke before.  
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench  
 Destroying sight o'erwhelm'd him quite,  
     He sunk to rise no more.  
 Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,  
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved;  
 "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,  
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,  
 Why are you in such doleful dumps?  
 A fireman and afraid of bumps!  
 What are they 'fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"  
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

### The Revival.

Peace to his soul! new prospects bloom,  
 And toil rebuilds what fires consume!  
 Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,  
 "Joy to the managing committee."  
 Eat we and drink we, join to rum  
 Roast beef and pudding of the plum;  
 Forth from thy nook, John Horner, come,  
 With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,  
     For this is Drury's gay day:  
 Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,  
 And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,

Crisp parliament with lollypops,  
And fingers of the Lady.

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train  
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane  
Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?  
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,  
And nimble workmen trod;  
To realize bold Wyatt's plan  
Rush'd many a howling Irishman,  
Loud clatter'd many a porter can,  
And many a ragamuffin clan,  
With trowel and with hod.

Drury revives! her rounded pate  
Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate;  
She "wings the midway air" elate  
As magpie, crow, or chough;  
White paint her modish visage smears,  
Yellow and pointed are her ears,  
No pendant portico appears  
Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears  
Have cut the bauble off.

Yes, she exalts her stately head,  
And, but that solid bulk outspread,

Opposed you on your onward tread,  
And posts and pillars warranted  
That all was true that Wyatt said,  
You might have deem'd her walls so thick,  
Were not composed of stone or brick,  
But all a phantom, all a trick,  
Of brain disturb'd and fancy-sick,  
So high she soars, so vast, so quick.

## JOHNSON'S GHOST.

*Ghost of Dr. JOHNSON rises from the trap-door, P. S., and Ghost of BOSWELL from trap-door, O. P. The latter bows respectfully to the House, and obsequiously to the Doctor's Ghost, and retires.*

DOCTOR'S GHOST, *loquitur.*

THAT which was organized by the moral ability of one, has been executed by the physical effort of many, and DRURY LANE THEATRE is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain, which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the committee. Truth, however, is not to be sacrificed for the accommodation of either; and he who should pronounce that our edifice has received its final embellishment, would be disseminating falsehood without incurring favour, and risking the disgrace of detection without participating the advantage of success.

Professions lavishly effused and parsimoniously verified, are alike inconsistent with the precepts of innate rectitude and the practice of external policy;

let it not then be conjectured, that because we are unassuming, we are imbecile; that forbearance is any indication of despondency, or humility of demerit. He that is the most assured of success will make the fewest appeals to favour, and where nothing is claimed that is undue, nothing that is due will be withheld. A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Parturient mountains have ere now produced muscicular abortions; and the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with final vulgarity, is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople, who solemnly perambulate her streets, exclaiming, “In the name of the Prophet—figs!”

Of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others, the exertions are directed to the revival of mouldering and obscure dramas; to endeavours to exalt that which is now rare only because it was always worthless, and whose deterioration, while it condemned it to living obscurity, by a strange obliquity of moral perception constitutes its title to posthumous renown. To embody the flying colours of folly, to arrest evanescence, to give to bubbles the globular consistency as well as form, to exhibit on the stage the pyebald denizen



of the stable, and the half-reasoning parent of combs, to display the brisk locomotion of Columbine, or the tortuous attitudenizing of Punch; these are the occupations of others, whose ambition, limited to the applause of unintellectual fatuity, is too innocuous for the application of satire, and too humble for the incitement of jealousy.

Our refectory will be found to contain every species of fruit, from the cooling nectarine and luscious peach, to the puny pippin and the noxious nut. There Indolence may repose, and Inebriety revel; and the spruce apprentice, rushing in at second account, may there chatter with impunity, debarred by a barrier of brick and mortar from marring that scenic interest in others, which nature and education have disqualified him from comprehending himself.

Permanent stage-doors we have none. That which is permanent cannot be removed, for if removed it soon ceases to be permanent. What stationary absurdity can vie with that ligneous barricado, which, decorated with frippant and tintinabulant appendages, now serves as the entrance of the lowly cottage, and now as the exit of a lady's bed-chamber; at one time insinuating plastic Harlequin into a

butcher's shop, and at another, yawning as a flood-gate to precipitate the Cyprians of St. Giles's into the embraces of Macheath? To elude this glaring absurdity, to give to each respective mansion the door which the carpenter would doubtless have given, we vary our portal with the varying scene, passing from deal to mahogany, and from mahogany to oak, as the opposite claims of cottage, palace, or castle may appear to require.

Amid the general hum of gratulation which flatters us in front, it is fit that some regard should be paid to the murmurs of despondence that assail us in the rear. They, as I have elsewhere expressed it, "who live to please," should not have their own pleasures entirely overlooked. The children of Thespis are general in their censures of the architect in having placed the locality of exit at such a distance from the oily irradiators which now dazzle the eyes of him who addresses you. I am, cries the Queen of Terrors, robbed of my fair proportions. When the king-killing thane hints to the breathless auditory the murders he means to perpetrate in the castle of Macduff "ere his purpose cool," so vast is the interval he has to travel before he can escape from the stage, that his purpose has even time to

freeze. Your condition, cries the Muse of Smiles, is hard, but it is cygnet's down in comparison with mine. The peerless peer of capers and congees has laid it down as a rule, that the best good thing uttered by the morning visitor should conduct him rapidly to the doorway, last impressions vying in durability with first. But when on this boarded elongation it falls to my lot to say a good thing, to ejaculate "keep moving," or to chaunt "*hic hoc horum genitivo*," many are the moments that must elapse ere I can hide myself from public vision in the recesses of O. P. or P. S.

To objections like these, captiously urged, and querulously maintained, it is time that equity should conclusively reply. Deviation from scenic propriety has only to vituperate itself for the consequences it generates. Let the actor consider the line of exit as that line beyond which he should not soar in quest of spurious applause; let him reflect that in proportion as he advances to the lamps, he recedes from nature; that the truncheon of Hotspur acquires no additional charm from encountering the cheek of beauty in the stage-box, and that the bravura of Mandane may produce effect, although the throat of her who warbles it should not overhang the orches-

tra. The Jove of the modern critical Olympus, Lord Mayor of the theatric sky, has, *ex cathedrâ*, asserted, that a natural actor looks upon the audience part of the theatre as the third side of the chamber he inhabits. Surely of the third wall thus fancifully erected, our actors should by ridicule or reason be withheld from knocking their heads against the stucco.

Time forcibly reminds me that all things which have a limit must be brought to a conclusion. Let me, ere that conclusion arrives, recall to your recollection, that the pillars which rise on either side of me, blooming in virid antiquity, like two massy evergreens, had yet slumbered in their native quarry, but for the ardent exertions of the individual who called them into life: to his never-slumbering talents you are indebted for whatever pleasure this haunt of the muses is calculated to afford. If, in defiance of chaotic malevolence, the destroyer of the temple of Diana yet survives in the name of Erostratus, surely we may confidently predict, that the rebuilder of the temple of Apollo will stand recorded to distant posterity in that of—SAMUEL WHITBREAD.

## THE BEAUTIFUL INCENDIARY.

BY THE HON. W. S.

(WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.)

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.—VIRGIL.

*Scene draws, and discovers a Lady asleep on a couch. Enter*  
PHILANDER.

PHILANDER.

SOBRIETY, cease to be sober,  
Cease, Labour, to dig and to delve,  
And hail to this tenth of October,  
One thousand eight hundred and twelve.  
Hah! whom do my peepers remark?  
'T is Hebe with Jupiter's jug;  
Oh no, 't is the pride of the Park,  
Fair Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

Why, beautiful nymph, do you close  
The curtain that fringes your eye?  
Why veil in the clouds of repose  
The sun that should brighten our sky?  
Perhaps jealous Venus has oil'd  
Thy hair with some opiate drug,

Not choosing her charms should be foil'd  
By Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

But ah ! why awaken the blaze  
Those bright burning-glasses contain,  
Whose lens with concentrated rays  
Proved fatal to old Drury Lane ?  
'T was all accidental, they cry,—  
Away with the flimsy humbug !  
'T was fired by a flash from the eye  
Of Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

Thy glance can in us raise a flame,<sup>1</sup>  
Then why should old Drury be free ?  
Our doom and its dome are the same,  
Both subject to beauty's decree.  
No candles the workmen consum'd,  
When deep in the ruins they dug,  
Thy flash still their progress illum'd,  
Sweet Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

Thy face a rich fire-place displays ;  
The mantel-piece marble—thy brows ;  
Thine eyes are the bright beaming blaze,  
Thy bib which no trespass allows,



The fender's tall barrier marks ;  
Thy tippet's the fire-quelling rug,  
Which serves to extinguish the sparks  
Of Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

The Countess a lily appears,  
Whose tresses the dewdrops emboss ;  
The Marchioness blooming in years,  
A rose-bud enveloped in moss ;  
But thou art the sweet passion-flower,  
For who would not slavery hug,  
To pass but one exquisite hour  
In the arms of Elizabeth Mugg?

When at court, or some Dowager's rout,  
Her diamond aigrette meets our view,  
She looks like a glow-worm dress'd out,  
Or tulips bespangled with dew.  
Her two lips denied to man's suit,  
Are shared with her favourite Pug ;  
What lord would not change with the brute,  
To live with Elizabeth Mugg?

Could the stage be a large vis-à-vis,  
Reserv'd for the polish'd and great,  
Where each happy lover might see



The nymph he adores tête-à-tête ;  
No longer I'd gaze on the ground,  
And the load of despondency lug,  
For I'd book myself all the year round,  
To ride with the sweet Lady Mugg.

Yes, she in herself is a host,  
And if she were here all alone,  
Our house might nocturnally boast  
A bumper of fashion and ton.  
Again should it burst in a blaze,  
In vain would they ply Congreve's plug,  
For nought could extinguish the rays  
From the glance of divine Lady Mugg.

O could I as Harlequin frisk,  
And thou be my Columbine fair,  
My wand should with one magic whisk  
Transport us to Hanover Square ;  
St. George should lend us his shrine,  
The parson his shoulders might shrug,  
But a license should force him to join  
My hand in the hand of my Mugg.

Court-plaister the weapons should tip,  
By Cupid shot down from above,

Which cut into spots for thy lip,  
Should still barb the arrows of love.  
The god who from others flies quick,  
With us should be slow as a slug,  
As close as a leech he should stick  
To me and Elizabeth Mugg.

For Time would, like us, 'stead of sand,  
Put filings of steel in his glass,  
To dry up the blots of his hand,  
And spangle life's page as they pass.  
Since all flesh is grass ere 'tis hay,  
O may I in clover live snug,  
And when old Time mows me away,  
Be stack'd with defunct Lady Mugg.

## FIRE AND ALE.

By M. G. L.

(MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.)

*Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.—VIRGIL.*

My palate is parch'd with Pierian thirst,  
Away to Parnassus I'm beckon'd ;  
List, warriors and dames, while my lay is rehears'd,  
I sing of the singe of Miss Drury the first,  
And the birth of Miss Drury the second.

The Fire King one day rather amorous felt ;  
He mounted his hot copper filly ;  
His breeches and boots were of tin, and the belt  
Was made of cast iron, for fear it should melt  
With the heat of the copper colt's belly.

Sure never was skin half so scalding as his !  
When an infant, 'twas equally horrid,  
For the water when he was baptized gave a fizz,  
And bubbled and simmer'd and started off, whizz !  
As soon as it sprinkled his forehead.

Oh ! then there was glitter and fire in each eye,  
For two living coals were the symbols ;  
His teeth were calcined, and his tongue was so dry,  
It rattled against them as though you should try  
To play the piano in thimbles.

From his nostrils a lava sulphureous flows,  
Which scorches wherever it lingers,  
A snivelling fellow he's call'd by his foes,  
For he can't raise his paw up to blow his red nose,  
For fear it should blister his fingers.

His wig is of flames curling over his head,  
Well powder'd with white smoking ashes ;  
He drinks gunpowder tea, melted sugar of lead,  
Cream of tartar, and dines on hot spice gingerbread,  
Which black from the oven he gnashes.

Each fire-nymph his kiss from her countenance  
shields,  
'T would soon set her cheekbone a-frying :  
He spit in the tenter-ground near Spitalfields,  
And the hole that it burnt and the chalk that it yields  
Make a capital lime-kiln for drying.

When he open'd his mouth, out there issued a blast  
(Nota bene, I do not mean swearing),

But the noise that it made and the heat that it cast,  
I've heard it from those who have seen it, surpass'd  
A shot manufactory flaring.

He blaz'd and he blaz'd as he gallop'd to snatch  
His bride, little dreaming of danger ;  
His whip was a torch, and his spur was a match,  
And over the horse's left eye was a patch,  
To keep it from burning the manger.

And who is the housemaid he means to enthrall  
In his cinder-producing alliance ?  
'Tis Drury Lane Playhouse, so wide, and so tall,  
Who, like other combustible ladies, must fall,  
If she cannot set sparks at defiance.

On his warming-pan knee-pan he clattering roll'd,  
And the housemaid his hand would have taken,  
But his hand, like his passion, was too hot to hold,  
And she soon let it go, but her new ring of gold  
All melted, like butter or bacon !

Oh ! then she look'd sour, and indeed well she might,  
For Vinegar Yard was before her,  
But, spite of her shrieks, the ignipotent knight,  
Enrobing the maid in a flame of gas light,  
To the skies in a sky-rocket bore her.

Look ! look ! 'tis the Ale King, so stately and starch,  
Whose votaries scorn to be sober ;  
He pops from his vat, like a cedar or larch ;  
Brown-stout is his doublet, he hops in his march,  
And froths at the mouth in October.

His spear is a spigot, his shield is a bung ;  
He taps where the housemaid no more is,  
When lo ! at his magical bidding, upsprung  
A second Miss Drury, tall, tidy, and young,  
And sported *in loco sororis*.

Back, lurid in air, for a second regale,  
The Cinder King, hot with desire,  
To Brydges Street hied ; but the Monarch of Ale,  
With uplifted spigot, and faucet, and pail,  
Thus chided the Monarch of Fire :

“ Vile tyrant, beware of the ferment I brew,  
I rule the roast here, dash the wig o' me !  
If, spite of your marriage with Old Drury, you  
Come here with your tinderbox, courting the New,  
I'll have you indicted for bigamy !”

## PLAYHOUSE MUSINGS.

By S. T. C.

(S. T. COLERIDGE.)

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim  
Credebat libris; neque si male cesserat, usquam  
Decurrens alio, neque si bene.—HORAT.

My pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?  
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey  
To carry to the mart her crockery ware,  
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,  
His face was sad! and you are sad, my Public!

Joy should be yours: this tenth day of October  
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.  
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks  
That hid our ruins; many a day I cried,  
Ah me! I fear they never will rebuild it!  
Till on one eve, one joyful Monday eve,  
As along Charles Street I prepared to walk,  
Just at the corner, by the pastry cook's,  
I heard a trowel tick against a brick.  
I look'd me up, and straight a parapet



Uprose at least seven inches o'er the planks.  
Joy to thee, Drury ! to myself I said :  
He of Blackfriars Road who hymn'd thy downfall  
In loud Hosannahs, and who prophesied  
That flames, like those from prostrate Solyma,  
Would scorch the hand that ventured to rebuild thee,  
Has proved a lying prophet. From that hour,  
As leisure offer'd, close to Mr. Spring's  
Box-office door, I've stood and eyed the builders.  
They had a plan to render less their labours ;  
Workmen in elder times would mount a ladder  
With hodded heads, but these stretch'd forth a pole  
From the wall's pinnacle, they placed a pulley  
Athwart the pole, a rope athwart the pulley ;  
To this a basket dangled ; mortar and bricks  
Thus freighted, swung securely to the top,  
And in the empty basket workmen twain  
Precipitate, unhurt, accosted earth.

Oh ! 't was a goodly sound to hear the people  
Who watch'd the work, express their various  
thoughts !  
While some believ'd it never would be finish'd,  
Some on the contrary believ'd it would.

I've heard our front that faces Drury Lane  
Much criticised ; they say 't is vulgar brick-work,  
A mimic manufactory of floor-cloth.  
One of the morning papers wish'd that front  
Cemented like the front in Brydges Street ;  
As it now looks they call it Wyatt's Mermaid,  
A handsome woman with a fish's tail.

White is the steeple of St. Bride's in Fleet Street ;  
The Albion (as its name denotes) is white ;  
Morgan and Saunders' shop for chairs and tables  
Gleams like a snow-ball in the setting sun ;  
White is Whitehall. But not St. Bride's in Fleet  
Street,  
The spotless Albion, Morgan, no, nor Saunders',  
Nor white Whitehall, is white as Drury's face.

Oh, Mr. Whitbread ! fie upon you, sir !  
I think you should have built a colonnade ;  
When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,  
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,  
And draws the tippet closer round her throat,  
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,  
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud  
Soaks thro' her pale kid slipper. On the morrow

She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa  
Cries, "There you go! this comes of playhouses!"  
To build no portico is penny wise :  
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish !

Hail to thee, Drury ! Queen of Theatres !  
What is the Regency in Tottenham Street,  
The Royal Amphitheatre of Arts,  
Astley's Olympic, or the Sans Pareil,  
Compared with thee ? Yet when I view thee push'd  
Back from the narrow street that Christen'd thee,  
I know not why they call thee Drury Lane.

Amid the freaks that modern fashion sanctions,  
It grieves me much to see live animals  
Brought on the stage. Grimaldi has his rabbit,  
Laurent his cat, and Bradbury his pig ;  
Fie on such tricks ! Johnson, the machinist  
Of former Drury, imitated life  
Quite to the life. The elephant in Blue Beard,  
Stuff'd by his hand, wound round his lithe proboscis,  
As spruce as he who roar'd in Padmanaba.  
Nought born on earth should die. On hackney stands  
I reverence the coachman who cries "Gee,"  
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider

Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,  
Or view a Butcher with horn-handle knife  
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,  
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick !

[*Exit hastily.*

## DRURY LANE HUSTINGS.

A NEW HALFPENNY BALLAD.

BY A PIC-NIC POET.

This is the very age of promise—to promise is most courtly and fashionable. Performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.—TIMON OF ATHENS.

*To be sung by* MR. JOHNSTONE, *in the character of*  
LOONEY M'TWOLTER.

MR. JACK, your address, says the prompter to me,  
So I gave him my card—no, that a'nt it, says he ;  
'Tis your public address. Oh ! says I, never fear,  
If address you are bother'd for, only look here.

*[Puts on hat affectedly.]*

Tol de rol lol, etc.

With Drury's for sartain we'll never have done,  
We've built up another, and yet there's but one ;  
The old one was best, yet I'd say, if I durst,  
The new one is better—the last is the first.

Tol de rol, etc.

These pillars are called by a Frenchified word,  
A something that's jumbled of antique and verd,

The boxes may show us some verdant antiques,  
Some old harridans who beplaster their cheeks.

Tol de rol, etc.

Only look how high Tragedy, Comedy, stick,  
Lest their rivals, the horses, should give them a kick !  
If you will not descend when our authors beseech ye,  
You'll stop there for life, for I'm sure they can't  
reach ye.

Tol de rol, etc.

Each one shilling god within reach of a nod is,  
And plain are the charms of each gallery goddess.  
You, Brandy-faced Moll, don't be looking askew,  
When I talked of a goddess I didn't mean you.

Tol de rol, etc.

Our stage is so prettily fashioned for viewing,  
The whole house can see what the whole house is  
doing.

'T is just like the hustings, we kick up a bother,  
But saying is one thing, and doing's another.

Tol de rol, etc.

We've many new houses, and some of them rum ones,  
But the newest of all is the new House of Commons ;

'T is a ricketty sort of a bantling, I'm told,  
It will die of old age when it's seven years old.

Tol de rol, etc.

As I don't know on whom the election will fall,  
I move in return for returning them all ;  
But for fear Mr. Speaker my meaning should miss,  
The house that I wish 'em to sit in is this.

Tol de rol, etc.

Let us cheer our great Commoner, but for whose aid  
We all should have gone with short commons to bed :  
And since he has saved all the fat from the fire,  
I move that the house be call'd Whitbread's Entire.

Tol de rol, etc.



## ARCHITECTURAL ATOMS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. B.

(DR. THOMAS BUSBY, MUS. DOC.)

Lege, Dick, Lege!—JOSEPH ANDREWS.

*To be recited by the TRANSLATOR'S SON.*

AWAY, fond dupes ! who, smit with sacred lore,  
Mosaic dreams in Genesis explore,  
Dote with Copernicus, or darkling stray  
With Newton, Ptolemy, or Tycho Brahe :  
To you I sing not, for I sing of truth,  
Primæval systems, and creation's youth ;  
Such as of old, with magic wisdom fraught,  
Inspired LUCRETIVS to the Latians taught.

I sing how casual bricks, in airy climb,  
Encounter'd casual horse hair, casual lime ;  
How rafters borne through wondering clouds elate,  
Kiss'd in their slope blue elemental slate,  
Clasp'd solid beams in chance-directed fury,  
And gave to birth our renovated Drury.

Thee, son of Jove, whose sceptre was confessed,  
Where fair Æolia springs from Tethys' breast :  
Thence on Olympus 'mid Celestials placed,  
GOD OF THE WINDS, and Æther's boundless waste,  
Thee I invoke ! Oh, *puff* my bold design,  
Prompt the bright thought, and swell the harmonious  
line ;

Uphold my pinions, and my verse inspire  
With Winsor's patent gas, or wind of fire,  
In whose pure blaze thy embryo form enroll'd,  
The dark enlightens, and enchafes the cold.

But while I court thy gifts, be mine to shun  
The deprecated prize Ulysses won ;  
Who, sailing homeward from thy breezy shore,  
The prison'd winds in skins of parchment bore :—  
Speeds the fleet bark, till o'er the billowy green  
The azure heights of Ithaca are seen ;  
But while with favouring gales her way she wins,  
His curious comrades ope the mystic skins :  
When lo ! the rescued winds, with boisterous sweep,  
Roar to the clouds, and lash the rocking deep :  
Heaves the smote vessel in the howling blast,  
Splits the stretch'd sail, and cracks the tottering mast.  
Launch'd on a plank, the buoyant hero rides

Where ebon Afric stems the sable tides,  
While his duck'd comrades o'er the ocean fly,  
And sleep not in the whole skins they untie.

So when to raise the wind some lawyer tries,  
Mysterious skins of parchment meet our eyes.  
On speeds the smiling suit—"Pleas of our Lord  
The King" shine jetty on the wide record :  
Nods the prunella'd bar, attornies smile,  
And syren jurors flatter to beguile ;  
Till stript—nonsuited—he is doom'd to toss  
In legal shipwreck, and redeemless loss ;  
    ucky, if, like Ulysses, he can keep  
His head above the waters of the deep.

Æolian Monarch ! Emperor of Puffs !  
We modern sailors dread not thy rebuffs ;  
See to thy golden shore promiscuous come  
Quacks for the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb ;  
Fools are their bankers—a prolific line,  
And every mortal malady's a mine.  
Each sly Sangrado, with his poisonous pill,  
Flies to the printer's devil with his bill,  
Whose Midas touch can gild his ass's ears,  
And load a knave with folly's rich arrears.

And, lo ! a second miracle is thine,  
For sloe-juiced water stands transform'd to wine.  
Where Day and Martin's patent blacking roll'd,  
Burst from the vase Pactolian streams of gold ;  
Laugh the sly wizards, glorying in their stealth,  
Quit the black art, and loll in lazy wealth.  
See Britain's Algerines, the lottery fry,  
Win annual tribute by the annual lie.  
Aided by thee—but whither do I stray ?—  
Court, city, borough, own thy sovereign sway :  
An age of puffs the age of gold succeeds,  
And windy bubbles are the spawn it breeds.

If such thy power, O hear the Muse's prayer !  
Swell thy loud lungs, and wave thy wings of air ;  
Spread, viewless giant, all thy arms of mist  
Like windmill sails, to bring the poet grist ;  
As erst thy roaring son with eddying gale  
Whirl'd Orithyia from her native vale—  
So, while Lucretian wonders I rehearse,  
Augusta's sons shall patronize my verse.

I sing of ATOMS, whose creative brain,  
With eddying impulse, built new Drury Lane ;  
Not to the labours of subservient man,

To no young Wyatt appertains the plan ;  
We mortals stalk, like horses in a mill,  
Impassive media of Atomic will ;  
Ye stare ! then Truth's broad talisman discern—  
"T is Demonstration speaks—attend and learn !

From floating elements in chaos hurl'd,  
Self-form'd of atoms, sprang the infant world.  
No great *First Cause* inspired the happy plot,  
But all was matter, and no matter what.  
Atoms, attracted by some law occult,  
Settling in spheres, the globe was the result ;  
Pure child of *Chance*, which still directs the ball,  
As rotatory atoms rise or fall.  
In æther launch'd, the peopled bubble floats,  
A mass of particles and confluent motes,  
So nicely pois'd, that if one atom flings  
Its weight away, aloft the planet springs,  
And wings its course thro' realms of boundless space,  
Outstripping comets in eccentric race.  
Add but one atom more, it sinks outright  
Down to the realms of Tartarus and night.  
What waters melt, or scorching fires consume,  
In different forms their being re-assume ;  
Hence can no change arise, except in name,  
For weight and substance ever are the same.

Thus with the flames that from old Drury rise,  
Its elements primæval sought the skies,  
There, pendulous to wait the happy hour,  
When new attractions should restore their power.  
So in this procreant theatre elate,  
Echoes unborn their future life await ;  
Here embryo sounds in æther lie conceal'd,  
Like words in northern atmosphere congeal'd.  
Here many a foetus laugh and half encore  
Clings to the roof, or creeps along the floor.  
By puffs concipient some in æther flit,  
And soar in bravos from the thundering pit :  
Some forth on ticket nights from tradesmen break,  
To mar the actor they design to make ;  
While some this mortal life abortive miss,  
Crush'd by a groan or strangled by a hiss.  
So, when " Dog's-meat " re-echoes through the streets,  
Rush sympathetic dogs from their retreats,  
Beam with bright blaze their supplicating eyes,  
Sink their hind-legs, ascend their joyful cries ;  
Each, wild with hope, and maddening to prevail,  
Points the pleased ear, and wags the expectant tail.

Ye fallen bricks ! in Drury's fire calcined,  
Since doom'd to slumber, couch'd upon the wind,



Sweet was the hour, when tempted by your freaks,  
Congenial trowels smooth'd your yellow cheeks.  
Float dulcet serenades upon the ear,  
Bends every atom from its ruddy sphere,  
Twinkles each eye, and, peeping from its veil,  
Marks in the adverse crowd its destined male.  
The oblong beauties clap their hands of grit,  
And brick-dust titterings on the breezes flit ;  
Then down they rush in amatory race,  
Their dusty bridegrooms eager to embrace.  
Some choose old lovers, some decide for new,  
But each, when fix'd, is to her station true.  
Thus various bricks are made as tastes invite,  
The red, the gray, the dingy, or the white.

Perhaps some half-baked rover, frank and free,  
To alien beauty bends the lawless knee,  
But, of unhallow'd fascinations sick,  
Soon quits his Cyprian for his married brick ;  
The Dido atom calls and scolds in vain,  
No crisp Æneas soothes the widow's pain.

So in Cheapside, what time Aurora peeps,  
A mingled noise of dustmen, milk, and sweeps,  
Falls on the housemaid's ear ; amazed she stands,  
Then opes the door with cinder-sabled hands,



And "Matches" calls. The dustman, bubbled flat,  
Thinks 't is for him, and doffs his fan-tail'd hat ;  
The milkman, whom her second cries assail,  
With sudden sink, unyokes the clinking pail ;  
Now louder grown, by turns she screams and weeps ;  
Alas ! her screaming only brings the sweeps.  
Sweeps but put out—she wants to raise a flame,  
And calls for matches, but 't is stil the same  
Atoms and housemaids ! mark the moral true,  
If once ye go astray, no *match* for you !

As atoms in one mass united mix,  
So bricks attraction feel for kindred bricks ;  
Some in the cellar view, perchance on high,  
Fair chimney chums on beds of mortar lie ;  
Enamour'd of the sympathetic clod,  
Leaps the red bridegroom to the labourer's hod,  
And up the ladder bears the workman, taught  
To think he bears the bricks—mistaken thought !  
A proof behold—if near the top they find  
The nymphs or broken-corner'd, or unkind,  
Back to the bottom, leaping with a bound,  
They bear their bleeding carriers to the ground.

So legends tell, along the lofty hill  
Paced the twin heroes, gallant Jack and Jill ;

On trudged the Gemini to reach the rail  
That shields the well's top from the expectant pail,  
When, ah ! Jack falls ; and rolling in the rear,  
Jill feels the attraction of his kindred sphere ;  
Head over heels begins his toppling track,  
Throws sympathetic somersets with Jack,  
And at the mountain's base, bobbs plump against  
him, whack !

Ye living atoms, who unconscious sit,  
Jumbled by chance in gallery, box, and pit,  
For you no Peter opes the fabled door,  
No churlish Charon plies the shadowy oar ;  
Breathe but a space, and Boreas' casual sweep  
Shall bear your scatter'd corpses o'er the deep,  
To gorge the greedy elements, and mix  
With water, marl, and clay, and stones, and sticks ;  
While, charged with fancied souls, sticks, stones, and  
clay,  
Shall take your seats, and hiss or clap the play.

O, happy age ! when convert Christians read  
No sacred writings but the Pagan creed ;  
O, happy age ! when, spurning Newton's dreams,  
Our poet's sons recite Lucretian themes,

Abjure the idle systems of their youth,  
And turn again to atoms and to truth.  
O, happier still ! when England's dauntless dames,  
Awed by no chaste alarms, no latent shames,  
The bard's fourth book unblushingly peruse,  
And learn the rampant lessons of the stews !

All hail, Lucretius, renovated sage !  
Unfold the modest mystics of thy page ;  
Return no more to thy sepulchral shelf,  
But live, kind bard—that I may live myself !

## THEATRICAL ALARM BELL.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE M. P.

(MORNING POST.)

Bounce, Jupiter, bounce!—O'HARA.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As it is now the universally-admitted, and indeed pretty-generally-suspected aim of Mr. Whitbread and the infamous, bloodthirsty, and, in fact, illiberal faction to which he belongs, to burn to the ground this free and happy protestant city, and establish himself in St. James's Palace, his fellow committee-men have thought it their duty to watch the principles of a theatre built under his auspices. The information they have received from undoubted authority, particularly from an old fruit-woman who has turned king's evidence, and whose name for obvious reasons we forbear to mention, though we have had it some weeks in our possession, has induced them to introduce various reforms; not such reforms as the vile faction clamour for, meaning thereby revolution, but such reforms as are necessary to pre-

serve the glorious constitution of the only free, happy, and prosperous country now left upon the face of the earth. From the valuable and authentic source above alluded to, we have learnt that a sanguinary plot has been formed by some united Irishmen, combined with a gang of Luddites, and a special committee sent over by the Pope at the instigation of the beastly Corsican fiend, for destroying all the loyal part of the audience on the anniversary of that deeply-to-be-abhorred and highly-to-be-blamed stratagem, the Gunpowder Plot, which falls this year on Thursday, the 5th of November. The whole is under the direction of a delegated committee of O. P.'s, whose treasonable exploits at Covent Garden you all recollect, and all of whom would have been hung from the chandeliers at that time but for the mistaken lenity of government. At a given signal a well-known O. P. was to cry out from the gallery, "Nosey ! Music !" whereupon all the O. P.'s were to produce from their inside pockets a long pair of shears, edged with felt to prevent their making any noise, manufactured expressly by a wretch at Birmingham, one of Mr. Brougham's evidences, and now in custody. With these they were to cut off the heads of all the loyal N. P.'s in the house, without distinction of sex

or age. At the signal, similarly given, of "Throw him over," which it now appears always alluded to the overthrow of our never-sufficiently-enough-to-be-deeply-and-universally-to-be-venerated constitution, all the heads of the N. P.'s were to be thrown at the fiddlers, to prevent their appearing in evidence, or perhaps as a false and illiberal insinuation that they have no heads of their own. All that we know of the further designs of these incendiaries is, that they are by-a-great-deal-too-much too-horrible-to-be-mentioned.

The Manager has acted with his usual promptitude on this trying occasion. He has contracted for 300 tons of gunpowder, which are at this moment placed in a small barrel under the pit, and a descendant of Guy Faux, assisted by Colonel Congreve, has undertaken to blow up the house, when necessary, in so novel and ingenious a manner, that every O. P. shall be annihilated, while not a whisker of the N. P.'s shall be singed. This strikingly displays the advantages of loyalty and attachment to government. Several other hints have been taken from the theatrical regulations of the not-a-bit-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-universally-execrated monster, Buonaparte. A park of artillery, provided with chain-shot, is to be



stationed on the stage, and play upon the audience in case of any indication of misplaced applause or popular discontent ; (which accounts for the large space between the curtain and the lamps) ; and the public will participate our satisfaction in learning that the indecorous custom of standing up with the hat on is to be abolished, as the Bow Street Officers are provided with daggers, and have orders to stab all such persons to the heart, and send their bodies to Surgeons' Hall ;—Gentlemen who cough are only to be slightly wounded. Fruit-women bawling " Bill of the play " are to be forthwith shot, for which purpose soldiers will be stationed in the slips, and ball-cart-ridge is to be served out with the lemonade. If any of the spectators happen to sneeze or spit, they are to be transported for life ; and any person who is so tall as to prevent another seeing, is to be dragged out and sent on board the tender, or, by an instrument taken out of the pocket of Procrustes, to be forthwith cut shorter, either at the head or foot, according as his own convenience may dictate.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, have the Committee, through my medium, set forth the not-in-a-hurry-to-be-paralleled plan they have adopted for preserving order and decorum within the walls of their magni-



ficent edifice. Nor have they, while attentive to their own concerns, by any means overlooked those of the cities of London and Westminster. Finding, on enumeration, that they have with a with-two-hands-and-one-tongue-to-be applauded liberality, contracted for more gunpowder than they want, they have parted with the surplus to the mattock-carrying and hustings-hammering high bailiff of Westminster, who has, with his own shovel, dug a large hole in the front of the parish church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, that, upon the least symptom of ill-breeding in the mob at the general election, the whole of the market may be blown into the air. This, ladies and gentlemen, may at first make provisions *rise*, but we pledge the credit of our theatre that they will soon *fall* again, and people be supplied as usual with vegetables in the in-general-strewed-with-cabbage-stalks-but-on-Saturday-night-lighted-up-with-lamps market of Covent Garden.

I should expatiate more largely on the other advantages of the glorious constitution of these by-the-whole-of-Europe-envied realms, but I am called away to take an account of the ladies, and other artificial flowers, at a fashionable rout, of which a full and particular account will hereafter appear. For the

present, my fashionable intelligence is scanty, on account of the opening of Drury Lane ; and the ladies and gentlemen who honour me with their attention, will not be surprised if they find nothing under my usual head!!

## THE THEATRE.

BY THE REV. G. C.

(REV. GEORGE CRABBE.)

*Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ,  
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca  
Ausî descrere, et celebrare domestica facta.*—HORAT.

## A PREFACE OF APOLOGIES.

IF the following poem should be fortunate enough to be selected for the opening address, a few words of explanation may be deemed necessary, on my part, to avert invidious misrepresentation. The animadversion I have thought it right to make on the noise created by tuning the orchestra, will, I hope, give no lasting remorse to any of the gentlemen employed in the band. It is to be desired that they would keep their instruments ready tuned, and strike off at once. This would be an accommodation to many well-meaning persons who frequent the theatre, who not being blest with the ear of St. Cecilia, mistake the tuning for the overture, and think the latter concluded before it is begun.

“———— one fiddle will  
Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still—”

was originally written "one hautboy will," but having providentially been informed, when this poem was upon the point of being sent off, that there is but one hautboy in the band, I averted the storm of popular and managerial indignation from the head of its blower; as it now stands, "one fiddle" among many, the faulty individual will, I hope, escape detection. The story of the flying play-bill is calculated to expose a practice much too common, of pinning play-bills to the cushions, insecurely, and frequently, I fear, not pinning them at all. If these lines save one play-bill only from the fate I have recorded, I shall not deem my labour ill employed. The concluding episode of Patrick Jennings, glances at the boorish fashion of wearing the hat in the one-shilling gallery. Had Jennings thrust his between his feet at the commencement of the play, he might have leaned forward with impunity, and the catastrophe I relate would not have occurred. The line of handkerchiefs formed to enable him to recover his loss, is purposely so crossed in texture and materials, as to mislead the reader in respect to the real owner of any one of them. For, in the satirical view of life and manners, which I occasionally present, my clerical profession has taught me how extremely improper it

would be by any allusion, however slight, to give any uneasiness, however trivial, to any individual, however foolish or wicked.

G. C.

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## THE THEATRE.

Interior of a Theatre described.—Pit gradually fills.—The check-taker.—Pit full.—The orchestra tuned.—One fiddler rather dilatory—Is reproved—and repents.—Evolutions of a play-bill.—Its final settlement on the spikes.—The gods taken to task—and why.—Motley group of playgoers.—Holywell Street, St. Pancras.—Emanuel Jennings binds his son apprentice.—Not in London—and why.—Episode of the hat.

Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,  
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,  
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,  
Start into light and make the lighter start ;  
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane  
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,  
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,  
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,  
Distant or near, they settle where they please ;  
But when the multitude contracts the span,  
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches, to late comers doom  
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing room*.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,  
And bawling "Pit full," gives the check he takes;  
Yet onward still, the gathering numbers cram,  
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,  
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair;  
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair;  
In unison their various tones to tune,  
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;  
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,  
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,  
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,  
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp,  
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,  
Attunes to order the chaotic din.  
Now all seems hush'd—but no, one fiddle will  
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still;  
Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan  
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man;  
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,  
Nods a new signal, and away they go.



Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, "Hats off,"  
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,  
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love  
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above ;  
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,  
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap ;  
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,  
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers ;  
Till sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,  
It settles, curling, on the fiddler's curl ;  
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,  
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues ?  
Who 's that calls " Silence " with such leathern lungs ?  
He, who, in quest of quiet, " silence " hoots,  
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain !  
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane ;  
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,  
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court ;  
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,  
Culls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;  
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,



The full-price master, and the half-price clerk ;  
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,  
With pence twice five, they want but two-pence more,  
Till some Samaritan the two-pence spares,  
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice baulk,  
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk ;  
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,  
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;  
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,  
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary ;  
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,  
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait,  
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse  
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,  
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;  
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,  
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.  
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy

Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ ;  
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred  
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),  
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head :  
He would have bound him to some shop in town,  
But with a premium he could not come down ;  
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd youth,  
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,  
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,  
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat ;  
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,  
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.  
How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery door  
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?  
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,  
And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?  
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,  
John Mullins whispers, Take my handkerchief.  
Thank you, cries Pat, but one won't make a line ;  
Take mine, cried Wilson, and cried Stokes, Take  
mine.

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,  
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.  
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,  
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,  
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.  
George Green below, with palpitating hand,  
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band.  
Upsoars the prize ; the youth, with joy unfeign'd,  
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd,  
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat  
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

*To the Managing Committee of the New Drury Lane  
Theatre.*

GENTLEMEN,—Happening to be wool-gathering at the foot of Mount Parnassus, I was suddenly seized with a violent travestie in the head. The first symptoms I felt were several triple rhymes floating about my brain, accompanied by a singing in my throat, which quickly communicated itself to the ears of everybody about me, and made me a burthen to my friends, and a torment to Doctor Apollo, three of whose favourite servants—that is to say, Macbeth, his butcher ; Mrs. Haller, his cook ; and George Barnwell, his book-keeper—I waylaid in one of my fits of insanity, and mauled after a very frightful fashion. In this woe-ful crisis, I accidentally heard of your invaluable New Patent Hissing Pit, which cures every disorder incident to Grub Street. I send you enclosed a more detailed specimen of my case ; if you could mould it into the shape of an address to be said or sung on the first night of your performance, I have no doubt that

I should feel the immediate effects of your invaluable New Patent Hissing Pit, of which they tell me one hiss is a dose.

I am, etc.,

MOMUS MEDLAR.

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CASE No. I.

MACBETH.

*Enter MACBETH, in a red nightcap. PAGE following, with a torch.*

Go, boy, and thy good mistress tell  
(She knows that my purpose is cruel),  
I'd thank her to tinkle her bell,  
As soon as she's heated my gruel.  
Go, get thee to bed and repose,  
To sit up so late is a scandal ;  
But ere you have ta'en off your clothes,  
Be sure that you put out that candle.

Ri fol de rol tol de rol lol.

My stars ! in the air here's a knife,  
I'm sure it cannot be a hum ;  
I'll catch at the handle, add's life,

And then I shall not cut my thumb.  
I've got him !—no, at him again,  
Come, come, I'm not fond of these jokes :  
This must be some blade of the brain :  
Those witches are given to hoax.

I've one in my pocket, I know,  
My wife left on purpose behind her :  
She bought this of Teddy-high-ho,  
The poor Caledonian grinder.  
I see thee again ! o'er thy middle  
Large drops of red blood now are spill'd,  
Just as much as to say, Diddle diddle,  
Good Duncan, pray come and be kill'd.

It leads to his chamber, I swear ;  
I tremble and quake every joint ;  
No dog at the scent of a hare  
Ever yet made a cleverer point.  
Ah, no ! 't was a dagger of straw—  
Give me blinkers to save me from starting ;  
The knife that I thought that I saw,  
Was nought but my Eye, Betty Martin.

Now o'er this terrestrial hive  
A life paralytic is spread,

For while the one half is alive,  
The other is sleepy and dead.  
King Duncan in grand majesty  
Has got my state bed for a snooze,  
I've lent him my slippers, so I  
May certainly stand in his shoes.

Blow softly, ye murmuring gales,  
Ye feet rouse no echo in walking,  
For though a dead man tells no tales,  
Dead walls are much given to talking.  
This knife shall be in at the death,  
I'll stick him, then off safely get.  
Cries the world, this could not be Macbeth,  
For he'd ne'er stick at anything yet.

Hark, hark, 't is the signal, by goles,  
It sounds like a funeral knell :  
O hear it not, Duncan, it tolls  
To call thee to heaven or hell.  
Or if you to heaven won't fly,  
But rather prefer Pluto's æther,  
Only wait a few years till I die,  
And we'll go to the Devil together.

Ri fol de rol, etc.



## CASE No. II.

## THE STRANGER.

Who has e'er been at Drury must needs know the  
Stranger,

A wailing old Methodist, gloomy and wan,  
A husband suspicious, his wife acted Ranger,  
She took to her heels, and left poor Hypocon.  
Her martial gallant swore that truth was a libel,  
That marriage was thralldom, elopement no sin ;  
Quoth she, I remember the words of my Bible,  
My spouse is a Stranger, and I'll take him in.

With my sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar 'em,  
And pathos and bathos delightful to see ;  
And chop and change ribs à-la-mode Germanorum,  
And high diddle ho diddle, pop tweedle dee.

To keep up her dignity, no longer rich enough,  
Where was her plate? why 't was laid on the shelf.  
Her land fuller's earth, and her great riches kitchen  
stuff,  
Dressing the dinner instead of herself.  
No longer permitted in diamonds to sparkle,

Now plain Mrs. Haller, of servants the dread,  
With a heart full of grief and a pan full of charcoal,  
She lighted the company up to their bed.

Incens'd at her flight, her poor Hubby in dudgeon  
Roam'd after his rib in a gig and a pout,  
Till, tired with his journey, the peevish curmudgeon  
Sat down and blubber'd, just like a church spout.  
One day on a bench as dejected and sad he laid,  
Hearing a squash, he cried, Damn it, what's that?  
'T was a child of the Count's, in whose service lived  
    Adelaide,  
Soused in the river and squalled like a cat.

Having drawn his young excellence up to the bank, it  
Appear'd that himself was all dripping, I swear,  
No wonder he soon became dry as a blanket,  
Exposed as he was to the Count's *son* and *heir*.  
Dear sir, quoth the Count, in reward of your valour,  
To show that my gratitude is not mere talk,  
You shall eat a beefsteak which my cook, Mrs.  
    Haller,  
Cut from the rump with her own knife and fork.

Behold, now the Count gave the stranger a dinner,  
With gunpowder tea, which you know brings a ball,

And, thin as he was, that he might not grow thinner,  
He made of the Stranger no stranger at all ;  
At dinner fair Adelaide brought up a chicken,  
A bird that she never had met with before,  
But, seeing him, scream'd, and was carried off kicking,  
And he bang'd his nob 'gainst the opposite door.

To finish my tale without roundaboutation,  
Young master and missee besieged their papa,  
They sung a quartetto in grand blubberation ;  
The Stranger cried, Oh ! Mrs. Haller cried, Ah !  
Though pathos and sentiment largely are dealt in,  
I have no good moral to give in exchange,  
For though she as a cook might be given to melting,  
The Stranger's behaviour was certainly strange,  
With his sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar 'em,  
And pathos and bathos delightful to see,  
And chop and change ribs à-la-mode Germanorum,  
And high diddle ho diddle, pop tweedle dee.

## CASE No. III.

## GEORGE BARNWELL.

GEORGE BARNWELL stood at the shop door,  
A customer hoping to find, sir ;  
His apron was hanging before,  
But the tail of his coat was behind, sir.  
A lady so painted and smart,  
Cried, Sir, I've exhausted my stock o' late,  
I've got nothing left but a groat,  
Could you give me four-penn'orth of chocolate ?  
Rum ti, etc.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,  
Which made her look prouder and prouder,  
His hair stood on end with surprise,  
And her's with pomatum and powder.  
The business was soon understood ;  
The lady, who wish'd to be more rich,  
Cries, Sweet sir, my name is Milwood,  
And I lodge at the Gunner's in Shoreditch.  
Rum ti, etc.

Now nightly he stole out, good lack,  
And into her lodging would pop, sir,  
And often forgot to come back,  
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.  
Her beauty his wits did bereave ;  
Determin'd to be quite the crack o,  
He lounged at the Adam and Eve,  
And call'd for his gin and tobacco.  
Rum ti, etc.

And now (for the truth must be told)  
Though none of a 'prentice should speak ill,  
He stole from the till all the gold,  
And ate the lump sugar and treacle.  
In vain did his master exclaim,  
Dear George, don't engage with that Dragon,  
She'll lead you to sorrow and shame,  
And leave you the devil a rag on  
Your Rum ti, etc.

In vain he entreats and implores  
The weak and incurable ninny,  
So kicks him at last out of doors,  
And Georgy soon spends his last guinea.

His uncle, whose generous purse  
Had often relieved him, as I know,  
Now finding him grow worse and worse,  
Refused to come down with the rhino.

Rum ti, etc.

Cried Milwood, whose cruel heart's core  
Was so flinty that nothing could shock it,  
If ye mean to come here any more,  
Pray come with more cash in your pocket.  
Make nunky surrender his dibs,  
Rub his pate with a pair of lead towels,  
Or stick a knife into his ribs,  
I'll warrant he'll then show some bowels.

Rum ti, etc.

A pistol he got from his love,  
'T was loaded with powder and bullet,  
He trudg'd off to Camberwell Grove,  
But wanted the courage to pull it.  
There 's nunky as fat as a hog,  
While I am as lean as a lizard,  
Here's at you, you stingy old dog!  
And he whips a long knife in his gizzard.

Rum ti, etc.

All you who attend to my song,  
A terrible end of the farce shall see,  
If you join the inquisitive throng  
That followed poor George to the Marshalsea.  
If Milwood were here, dash my wigs,  
Quoth he, I would pummel and lam her well ;  
Had I stuck to my prunes and figs,  
I ne'er had stuck nunky at Camberwell.

Rum ti, etc.

Their bodies were never cut down,  
For granny relates with amazement,  
A witch bore 'em over the town,  
And hung them on Thorowgood's casement.  
The neighbours, I've heard the folks say,  
The miracle noisily brag on,  
And the shop is to this very day,  
The sign of the George and the Dragon.

Rum ti, etc.



## PUNCH'S APOTHEOSIS.

By T. H.

(THEODORE HOOK.)

Rhymes the rudders are of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.—HUDIBRAS.

*Scene draws, and discovers PUNCH on a throne surrounded by  
LEAR, LADY MACBETH, MACBETH, OTHELLO, GEORGE  
BARNWELL, HAMLET, GHOST, MACHEATH, JULIET, FRIAR,  
APOTHECARY, ROMEO, and FALSTAFF. PUNCH descends,  
and addresses them in the following*

## RECITATIVE.

As manager of horses Mr. Merryman is,  
So I with you am master of the ceremonies,—  
These grand rejoicings, let me see, how name ye 'em ?  
Oh, in Greek lingo, 't is E—pi—thalamium.  
October's tenth it is, toss up each hat to-day,  
And celebrate with shouts our opening Saturday.  
On this great night 't is settled by our manager,  
That we, to please great Johnny Bull, should plan a  
jeer,  
Dance a bang-up theatrical cotillion,  
And put on tuneful Pegasus a pillion ;

That every soul, whether or not a cough he has,  
 May kick like Harlequin, and sing like Orpheus.  
 So come, ye pupils of Sir John Gallini,  
 Spin up a tetotum like Angiollini ;  
 That John and Mrs. Bull from Ale and Teahouses,  
 May shout huzza for Punch's Apotheosis ! !

*They dance and sing.*

AIR.—*Sure such a day.*—TOM THUMB.

LEAR.

Dance, Regan, dance with Cordelia and Goneril,  
 Down the middle, up again, poussete, and cross ;  
 Stop, Cordelia, do not tread upon her heel,  
 Regan feeds on coltsfoot, and kicks like a horse.  
 See she twists her mutton fists like Molyneux or  
     Beelzebub,  
 And t'other's clack, who pats her back, is louder far  
     than Hell's hubbub.  
 They tweak my nose, and round it goes, I fear they'll  
     break the ridge of it,  
 Or leave it all just like Vauxhall, with only half the  
     bridge of it.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,  
 Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza ! huzza !

## LADY MACBETH.

I kill'd the King, my husband is a heavy dunce,  
He left the grooms unmassacred, then massacred the  
stud,  
One loves long gloves for mittens, like King's Evi-  
dence,  
Let truth with the fingers out, and won't hide blood.

## MACBETH.

When spooneys on two knees implore the aid of  
sorcery,  
To suit their wicked purposes they quickly put the  
laws awry,  
With Adam I in wife may vie, for none could tell  
the use of her,  
Except to cheapen golden pippins hawk'd about by  
Lucifer.

## OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,  
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza! huzza!

## OTHELLO.

Wife, come to life, forgive what your black lover did,  
Spit the feathers from your mouth and munch roast  
beef;

Iago he may go and be toss'd in the coverlid,  
That smother'd you because you pawn'd my hand-  
kerchief.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

Why, neger, so eager about your rib immaculate?  
Milwood shows for hanging us they've got an ugly  
knack o' late;  
If on beauty 'stead of duty but one peeper bent he  
sees,  
Satan waits with Dolly baits to hook in us apprentices.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,  
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza! huzza!

HAMLET.

I'm Hamlet in camlet, my ap and perihelia,  
The moon can fix which lunatics make sharp or flat,  
I stuck by ill lick, enamour'd of Ophelia,  
Old Polony like a sausage, and exclaim'd, "Rat!  
Rat!"

GHOST.

Let Gertrude sup the poisoned cup, no more I'll be  
an actor in  
Such sorry food, but drink home-brew'd of Whit-  
bread's manufacturing.

## MACHEATH.

I'll Polly it, and folly it, and dance it quite the  
dandy, O ;  
But as for tunes I have but one, and that is Drops of  
Brandy, O.

## OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,  
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza ! huzza !

## JULIET.

I'm Juliet Capulet, who took a dose of hellebore.  
A Hell-of-a-bore I found it to put on a pall.

## FRIAR.

And I am the friar who so corpulent a belly bore.

## APOTHECARY.

And that is why poor skinny I have none at all.

## ROMEO.

I'm the resurrection man of buried bodies amorous.

## FALSTAFF.

I'm fagg'd to death, and out of breath, and am for  
quiet clamorous,

For though my paunch is round and staunch, I ne'er  
begin to fill it ere I  
Feel that I have no stomach left for entertainment  
military.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,  
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza ! huzza !

[*Exeunt dancing.*]



*November, 1854.*

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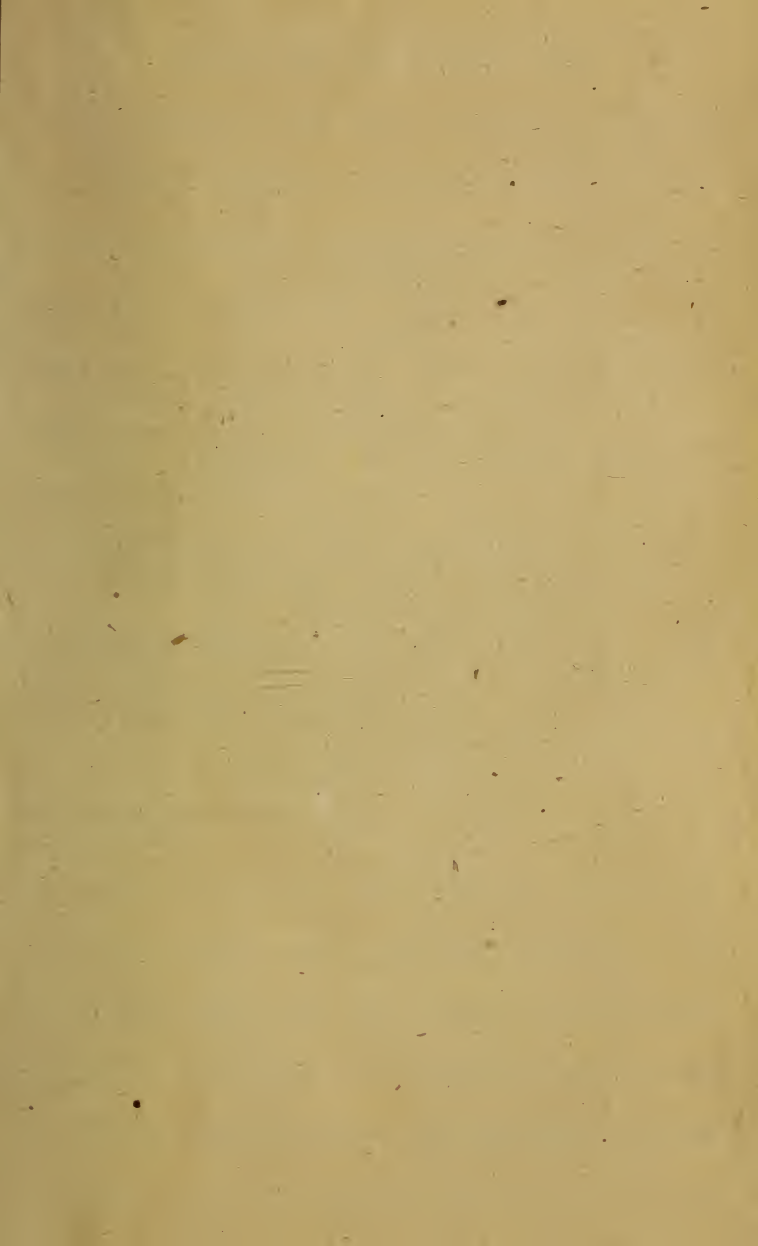
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